

THE WORLD.

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THE CIRCULATION OF THE EVENING EDITION OF THE WORLD

for the week ending Saturday, Feb. 11, was as follows:

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|----------------|---------|
| MONDAY..... | 114,540 |
| TUESDAY..... | 110,100 |
| WEDNESDAY..... | 104,360 |
| THURSDAY..... | 104,300 |
| FRIDAY..... | 100,680 |
| SATURDAY..... | 112,120 |

THE READING TROUBLE.

As usual in settlements of labor strikes where gaunt hunger stands close behind the strikers, capital gets the meat and gives labor the shell in the compromise of the Reading coal troubles.

The miners get a promise to have the question of wages "considered," after work is resumed. OZAR CORBIN gets a resumption of mining at the old wages, after he has worked off the supply on hand at an advance in prices that will more than cover all losses occasioned by the strike.

With the present inequality in strength, the miners would do better to confer and decide without striking.

CRUSHED OUT.

The Standard Oil devil-fish has crushed out the last opposition to its monopoly in Western New York.

Two of its tools are now awaiting sentence for conspiracy to blow up the Vacuum Oil Works at Rochester. What dynamite and price-cutting and rate discriminations could not accomplish in stopping the Buffalo Lubricating Oil Works, money and the law have accomplished. "They tired everybody out except me," said President MATTHEWS. "Now they have crushed me out."

Where is that harpoon?

SIMPLE ROT.

All talk about the necessity of selecting a war-tariff defender as the Democratic candidate for President, is pure rot.

If the people want the high tariff perpetuated they will elect a Republican to look after it. Why should they not? It is a Republican tariff, defended almost entirely by Republicans.

The Democrats will never win by trying to be a little less Republican than the Republicans on the main issue before the country.

A FLYING MACHINE.

A Maine man named CHASE, a resident of Augusta, claims to have invented a machine "which he and another gentleman will enter and fly to Washington."

Another Augustan man, of the name of BLAINE, has been for some years at work upon a machine that he expected would carry him to Washington "kiting." He has lately acknowledged that it is a failure.

Better luck to CHASE!

NOT SO HILARIOUS.

The shouters for "a war tariff forever and 'divvy' the surplus" are not so hilarious as they were.

Mr. BLAINE's withdrawal, after he had observed the effect of his Paris tariff message at the West, was the first eye-opener. They saw that their candidate was afraid of the issue.

And now comes the election in the mining district in Michigan, which gave Blaine 8,000 plurality in 1884 and the Republican Congressman 2,200 in 1886, but which has now almost if not quite elected a Democratic Representative.

No wonder the monopoly defenders are blue.

The idea of making PHIL SHERIDAN Vice-President is the comic valentine of Republican politics. He would be as much out of place in the chair of the Senate as a war-horse sitting on goose eggs.

The Republican politicians are fighting shy of SHERIDAN. They are afraid they couldn't "run" him—and that's where they are right.

THE WAGNER opera is about over, and soon it can be said that "Silence, like a poultrie, comes to heal the blows of sound."

STATEN ISLAND DRIFT.

Joseph King is one of the best-known policemen on Staten Island.

George Randolph is the genial gatekeeper at the St. George Ferry gate.

Ed Steers, of West New Brighton, plays the bass drum well for one of his age.

Jack Weaver, the engineer of engine No. 14, of the S. I. R. T., received more than twenty valentines.

Barney McAlone, of Tompkinsville, was elected Collector of Taxes for the village of Edgewater last Tuesday.

Pierre Dunn's accomplishments would be complete if he could play the banjo, people in Tompkinsville say.

Frank Grant is the conductor on the S. I. R. T. train which leaves Arden at 7:40 A. M. He is well spoken of by the passengers.

A Sack's Contents.

The next of the interesting series of stories by the Coroner of the county of New York will begin in THE EVENING WORLD on Monday next. M. J. B. Mesmer is the author.

CHAT ABOUT POLITICIANS.

It was the Hon. Nick Langdon who asked if an orchid was an animal.

Ex-Senator and ex-Congressman Thomas J. Creamer has returned from a trip South.

Commissioner Richard Croker is very proud of his beard. He is sorry he did not raise one earlier in life.

Jefferson M. Levy is once more spoken of for Congress in the Gramercy Park and Gas-House district.

The poet theogoghan has taken kindly to the Deputy Internal Revenue Collectorship. It is worth \$1,500 a year.

Sheriff Grant, County Clerk Fiack and Gabe Case have not yet made a fortune out of their Fleetwood toboggan sale.

"They will all be re-nominated," exclaimed Jimmie Oliver, "Cleveland, Blaine, Hill, Hewitt and 'Dry Dollar' Sullivan."

Assemblyman Joseph Gordon used to be a law clerk in the office of the late Chester A. Arthur. Gordon left Blackstone to engage in the coal business.

The Sheriff's office is the only rich fee office now in existence. That is the reason there are so many candidates for the United Democratic nomination for Sheriff.

It is said that Billy Moloney will spend the coming summer in Europe. Some time ago he stopped drinking too much champagne, greatly to the regret of Montreal saloon-keepers.

Quite an array of local statesmen have had experience as deputy sheriffs. Among them are Senator Reilly, ex-Senator Cullen, Assemblyman Finn and many number of ex-Aldermen and ex-Assemblymen.

WORLDLINGS.

Senator Hearst is largely interested in lands in Mexico, and it is said that he has a ranch of 45,000 acres in Southern California.

A young man living in Winston, N. C., has brought suit for damages against a young lady for breach of promise of marriage.

Samuel Clay, who died recently near Paris, Ky., was the largest land owner in Bourbon County, and probably in the State. He owned nearly 14,000 acres of fine blue grass land.

Senator Stanford's wife has the largest collection of diamonds possessed by any lady now in Washington. Among them are four sets that belonged to the late Queen Isabella of Spain.

Richard Watson Gilder, editor of the Century Magazine, is forty-four years old. He has been engaged in literary pursuits since he was a boy of twelve, when he published a diminutive newspaper called the St. Thomas Register, at Bordentown, N. J.

Mr. Hearst is described as one of the most accomplished of Washington society ladies. She is a little above the medium height, with a dainty, well-rounded figure, and her wavy hair is iron gray. Her blue eyes have a most pleasant light in them.

Senator Blair, of New Hampshire, is of Scotch-Irish descent, and is a straitlaced, tall, brown-haired man, with a strawberry-blond complexion, a sandy beard and blue eyes. He is noted as a temperate advocate, a great friend of the Indians, and is in favor of woman's rights.

R. R. Johnson, of Omaha, was given a chance a few years ago to buy the Coronado Islands, in San Diego Bay, for \$75,000, but refused it, and they were sold to a syndicate soon after for \$10,000. The syndicate has since sold \$2,500,000 worth of lots from the tract and the balance is held at \$10,000,000.

A Hungarian miner who was recently treated by a physician at Pottsville, Pa., had been living three months at an expense for food of only two cents a day. He was earning a dollar a day, but ate only black bread. As a consequence his teeth were falling out when the physician began to treat him and he was slowly starving.

The most heavily insured man in the country is Dr. David W. Hostetter, who made his fortune in patent medicines. The policies on his life aggregate \$800,000. Other well-known men who carry a large insurance on their lives are Hamilton Disston, of Philadelphia, with \$400,000; George K. Anderson, of Chicago, who has \$250,000; and Pierre Lorillard, whose policies amount to \$310,000.

Visitors to New York.

H. B. Bryant, the Hartford banker, is at the Hotel Danforth.

Benj. Price, of Baltimore, and Chas. C. Adams, of Boston, are at the Gayety.

John H. Camp, the millionaire banker, of Lyons, N. Y., is stopping at the Fifth Avenue.

The well-known railroad magnate, J. H. King, of Pittsfield, Ct., is at the Fifth Avenue.

Mr. C. C. Hyde, a young English gentleman from London, and his wife, are stopping at the Albany.

Senator M. A. Smith has returned from Albany for a few days and is at the Morton House.

J. M. Guffey, President of the Pittsburgh National Gas Stock, is among the guests of the Fifth Avenue.

Senators Coggeshall, Erwin and Arnold, from Albany, keep each other company at the Hoffman House.

A good representative of the United States Navy in the person of Dr. Henry Steward, is sheltered at the Gayety.

Two officers of the United States Army protect the Grand Hotel. They are H. G. Squire and C. E. Swart.

Sir Charles Tupper, Lady Tupper and Major Gen. D. L. Cameron, of Ottawa, have a suite of rooms at the Hoffman House.

H. B. Cox, a Cincinnati broker, and H. H. Clark, a politician from Washington, are guests at the Sturtevant House.

Recent arrivals at the Morton House are George C. Peck, of New York, and Edward White, a dry-goods man from Boston.

Mrs. and Miss Stoddard, wife and daughter of the millionaire of Newburg, N. Y., have a suite of rooms at the Hoffman House.

There are three prominent business men at the James, namely, Jas. B. Henerson, of Philadelphia, and Jas. B. Henerson, of Philadelphia, and Geo. L. White, of Watertown, Conn.

The Astor House register looms up on the last day of the week with the names of Michael L. Woody, of Washington; H. W. Bergen, from the Blue Grass State, and L. G. Raymond, a citizen of Augusta, N. Y.

Items About Town.

Dr. J. G. Moore, house surgeon of St. Vincent's Hospital, has been called away from his duties in consequence of the sudden death of his mother, Dr. Kennedy, the assistant house surgeon, is in charge.

Miss Mary Ryan, of Watertown, Conn., who has been the guest of the past month at Miss Anna Donnelly, of 425 West Thirty-fourth street, has unexpectedly called home in consequence of the death of her uncle.

Ben and Don't.

This sentence, merchants all, in your minds do cram!

"Put in The World an ad. and do not be a clam."

(With due apology to Frank Biddle.)

A DOUBLE CRIME.

The Story of a Son's Fall.

BY

A Coroner of the County of New York.

CONCLUDED.

(WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE EVENING WORLD.)

ES: I heard him say:

"You don't do the square thing by those girls. What is Dinah shooting around the streets at night for? Ain't you got sense enough to know that she's up to mischief when she goes off that way and runs round?"

Then after a while I heard him say, in a still more excited way: "Look at Liz! What makes her so thin and sick? I don't believe she gets enough to eat, and then clothes she's got on ain't enough to keep her warm." This was just a few minutes before he fired the shots. I didn't hear him say anything more, though he did say something more in a lower tone, just as if he didn't want it to be heard.

The woman's story threw some light on the affair. The young man had got excited over something or other with his father, and in a moment of anger had fired the fatal shot which had laid him weltering in his gore, fatally wounded. Then, whether the thought of his rash act completely unmanned him, or left him in perfect despair, he had turned the fatal pistol towards his own heart and had taken his own life.

I called for the girls and questioned them. Dinah was a very pretty girl, well-formed and mature for her years, with bright eyes and quick in her speech. She was the older child and was not more than fourteen or fifteen. Lizzie, the little sickly one, was very quiet, and it was harder work to get her to answer straight, she was so frightened and shocked by the terrible event she had witnessed together with her sister.

However, I got something out of them by countless questions. Their story confirmed what the stepmother had told me. They had sat down to the table with their brother and the father. The brother had seemed irritable and quarrelsome, and was inclined to pick his father up and disapprove of things he had done.

The father was a very pretty girl, well-formed and mature for her years, with bright eyes and quick in her speech. She was the older child and was not more than fourteen or fifteen. Lizzie, the little sickly one, was very quiet, and it was harder work to get her to answer straight, she was so frightened and shocked by the terrible event she had witnessed together with her sister.

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orders that they were to be kept there, subject to any directions which I might give later. In the mean time I received a telegram from a married brother of the young man who had shot his father. He lived in Chicago, and was a baker. He told me he had better come on. He did so, and I convinced him that the best thing that could be done for the girl was for him to take them back with him to Chicago and look after them himself. I knew that the stepmother had no interest in them, and with Dinah's disposition—lively, gay, and inclined to be headstrong—it was the worst thing in the world to leave her exposed to an influence which would only irritate her and drive her, possibly, to reckless courses.

The father had been a member of a benevolent association, and carried a policy on his life that secured a thousand dollars to his widow. I had myself appointed guardian to the girls by Surrogate Rollins, and succeeded in getting \$200 from the insurance money for them, promising to relieve the stepmother of any further charge of them.

The children left New York and accompanied their married brother to Chicago. I had obtained tickets for them and a small sum of money for them to start with there. I put the \$200 out at interest for them, and by the time they got settled at something stable or marry it will give a comfortable little start for them.

They both wrote to me regularly, and seem to be giving the utmost satisfaction to all those who have anything to do with them. Lizzie, the weakly one, has regained pretty good health, and Dinah goes to school and is a great favorite with her teacher and her brother.

Poor young things! The desperate tragedy which deprived them of a father and a loving brother, though their brother's own mad act, may have been the most fortunate thing for them. It is hard to tell. I have thought that the brother's great fear and what roused him to the height of passion and indignation which prompted the fatal shot was the conviction that his eldest sister was exposed to great danger, and that the father was not only conscious of it and indifferent but that he was rather willing than otherwise that the girl should make her living and bring in something for the support of the family by whatever means she could best do it.

It is hard otherwise to account for his desperate deed. There would seem to have been no reason for it sufficient outside of this. But, however it was, the pleasant meeting of friends, where all were kindly disposed to each other, and who had met to do honor to two of their number by gay rejoicing, offered a vivid contrast to the scene I witnessed so soon after—the spectacle of a father murdered by a son in a home that had scarcely anything to brighten it and which this double deed of guilt had made inexplicably drear and gloomy. Such things go side by side in New York, and a Coroner is frequently made the witness of both these phases of existence in the great metropolis.

THE PEOPLE'S LETTER-BOX.

Thanks from Journeymen Shop Butchers.

In THE EVENING WORLD of Feb. 14 I read with pleasure the article in which an agitation is urged to increase the welfare of the journeymen shop butchers of the city of New York.

In return for your act of kindness, we desire to say that we endorse both morning and evening papers, and we are glad to see that all the members belonging to our organization.

P. J. RYAN, President of the Journeymen Shop Butchers' Association No. 1, of New York.

The Case of Little Bessie.

The article headed "When the Wind Blew Out of Her Ear Little Bessie was 'Like Drunk'" suggests to me that some novice at aural surgery must have been syringing cold water into her ear, for that operation will make a person dizzy. I heard Dr. Brown-Séquard, who spoke better French than he did English, relate in his lecture that a quack doctor in Germany once syringed the ear of a woman with cold water, whereupon he (the Emperor) immediately "went around in a circus," meaning that he spun around, I suppose.

Brooklyn, Feb. 16.

Silly Fakes of a Captious Critic.

To the Editor of THE EVENING WORLD.

It looks very much as if your unesteemed contemporary, in his persistent and constant threats to train THE EVENING WORLD in the orbit in which it should revolve, had failed to mind his own business.

In the issue of Feb. 14, after sundry efforts to show how little THE EVENING WORLD knew of what was going on in theatrical life, he gives a nice description of Hermann's wonderful illusion, "Le Cocoon," which so puzzled the audience at the Fifth Avenue Theatre. I have no doubt that it will puzzle them when it is presented to them next week.

Seriously, it is not rather overdoing the thing to tell an illusion was displayed, one week in advance, as well as to give it ahead of other newspapers.

In the same column I